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LONDON

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Hartup

To Be Married: Lady Katherine Paget

Lady Katherine Paget, the eighteen-year-old youngest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey, will be married shortly to Major Jocelyn Gurney, M.C., Welsh Guards, second son of the late Sir Eustace Gurney, and Lady Gurney, of Walsingham Abbey, Norfolk. Major Gurney was awarded the M.C. and Bar for gallantry in the campaign before the evacuation from Dunkirk. Lady Katherine has a twin brother, the Earl of Uxbridge, heir to the Marquessate, and four sisters, two of whom are married. Her mother, before her marriage was Lady Marjorie Manners, one of the three daughters of the 8th Duke of Rutland, the other two being Lady Violet Benson and Lady Diana Duff Cooper



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

A Fine Start

WE enter upon the spring with our tails up. On the whole it's been a fine winter. Naturally there have been some bad patches and in some of the most heavily bombed areas there are many heavy hearts. But the gratifying news, officially released, that we are giving Germany as good as we are getting, are doing great damage to public morale, and are now employing a high explosive more devastating than anything yet used against us, is just the kind of tonic most needed in places like Plymouth, Bristol, Glasgow, and in certain hard-hit parts of the capital.

I heard it suggested last week that nothing would better please the inhabitants of those towns than to be allowed to "adopt" a corresponding city in Germany for purposes of counter-offensive. In this total war the population of one country can strike back at the other only through the medium of its bomber forces. It is human and healthy to wish to hit back when one has been struck. Plymouth, Bristol and Glasgow look to the Bomber Command to hit back at Bremen, Hamburg and Emden. London tends to think in terms of Berlin. When they raise funds to help towards the purchase of bigger and better bombers they do so with an urgent desire for retaliation against a lawless, ruthless enemy. Certainly it would be an encouragement to Coventry, Birmingham and Manchester to learn that the German towns they have "marked" had been effectively "tackled" at the next operationally convenient occasion.

Gaining the Initiative

IT would have been a bold prophet who ventured on New Year's Day to predict that the initiative would have passed from the Axis to the Allies by the coming spring. Yet something very like that has occurred. In Africa the seizure of the initiative by General Wavell's Army, collaborating so splendidly with the Air Force and Navy, placed Britain on the offensive for the first time since we went to war nineteen months ago. Since then the new spirit has been apparent in all the actions of our forces and has begun to show itself in our diplomacy.

Few would have predicted that the Italian Empire in Africa could be liquidated in a single campaigning season. Yet it is now clear that before the coming of the rains in mid-May everything necessary will have been done to render possible the immediate establishment of a new order in Ethiopia. Mopping up of isolated pockets can be carried out at leisure. New problems will then arise for the British de facto administrators and there will be many difficult political questions to be resolved.

I can foresee a period of hard work ahead for the Egyptian Department of the Foreign Office under Mr. Charles Bateman and, in particular, for the head of the Abyssinian section, Mr. Geoffrey Thompson. It will recall to him much that passed in 1935-36 when, in a similar capacity, he was chief British expert during those many conferences in London, Paris, Rome and Geneva aimed at deterring Mussolini from seeking a warlike

solution for his ambitions in East Africa.

They were good fun, those days when we used to go careering about all over Europe trying to find peaceful ways in which to satisfy the greedy aspirations of the Dictators. In the intervals between studying masses of documents and interminable, frequently futile discussions, there were opportunities to enjoy many of those pleasant and beautiful things which Europe at peace could offer to the traveller. But looking back on it all one sees all too clearly that the business in hand never held out the slightest prospect of real success because, when we talked, we had no Tommy gun to lay on the table.

Mr. Eden's Better Hand

IN those days, as now, Mr. Anthony Eden was the minister most frequently entrusted with difficult missions. Now he has a better hand to play, for he has the might of Britain in arms behind his diplomacy. His present, and so far his most important task is not yet completed, although there may have been further fresh developments before these lines can appear. But we can already see quite clearly that his visit to the Near East has been attended with notable successes. A crumbling situation has been checked, many cracks which might have grown rapidly into dangerous fissures have been repaired, and powerful reinforcement given to the Balkan front. These achievements have been possible only because of the successes attending our arms, by land, sea and air in all that part of the world, and the supporting action of the United States.

Had Mr. Eden done no more than to gain some valuable weeks in delaying the next German offensive his mission would have been worth while. But that same presence, symbolic with his accompanying staff officers of Britain's confidence in victory, lent the necessary encouragement for the first effective revolt by a democratic people against the action of a government which would have handed them over bound in chains to the menacing Hun. Historians of the war, I feel sure, will note the action of the Yugoslav people as a turning point in the story of Europe's struggle.

The Foreign Secretary himself must have been overjoyed. When the news reached him he had almost abandoned hope and set out for home feeling that everything useful to be done in the existing circumstances had been achieved. With the coup d'état in Belgrade it instantly became clear that his work was only then starting. And for the moment Athens was obviously the best strategic point from which to conduct his diplomacy. With Turkey, Greece and Yugoslavia each determined, with British support, to fight if necessary in defence of their independence, Mr. Eden's chief function became that of co-ordinator, military, political and economic. We must remember, after all, that he is in the Near East primarily as the representative of the British War Cabinet.

Serbo-Croat Union

BEHIND the scenes in Zagreb, the Croatian capital, an important part has probably been played by one Dr. Krnjevic, a trusted lieutenant of Dr. Macek, the veteran peasant leader of the Croats, who used to pay frequent visits to London in the period before Prince Regent Paul finally agreed to terms which at long last laid the foundations for national unity in Yugoslavia.

Dr. Krnjevic, tall, fair, with a slight stoop and an astonishingly high-pitched voice, is an ardent supporter of the Allied cause. In London he sought desperately to enlist British aid to persuade Prince Paul that he should hasten in allowing his Premier, Dr. Tsvetkovic, to negotiate with Dr. Macek, assuring us that union could now be achieved. Prince Paul



King Haakon at a P.E.N. Club Opening

King Haakon of Norway went to the luncheon at Frascati's which celebrated the formation of the Norwegian P.E.N. Club in London. Here he talks to Miss Storm Jameson, president of the London P.E.N., and Mr. H. G. Wells. The address was given by Mr. Wilhelm Keilhau, who was president of the P.E.N. in Oslo, and is a historian and writer on science; he said that London would be the natural centre for the union of all free nations after the war

was reluctant, despite the fact that the Serbian Opposition had already come to terms with Dr. Macek and accepted him as their joint leader.

When the negotiations were at last started, Dr. Tsvetkovic and Dr. Macek, after a long-drawn series of meetings, reached full accord. Even then the Prince Regent was reluctant to give his assent, influenced undoubtedly by a small ruling Serbian clique surrounding him which much preferred to retain those absolute powers which derived from the dictatorial rule maintained by the late King Alexander. But in October, 1939, Prince Paul finally yielded, and to that fact can be attributed the important results now developing in Yugoslavia.

Simovic, Man of Action

FOR General Simovic, now laying his plans for the defence of Yugoslavia, it was of great importance to be assured of Croat loyalty; especially so since any one who has travelled through that part of Europe knows that to defend all northern Croatia against an invading enemy would be strategically impossible without a needless sacrifice of fighting men. That fact is well known in Croatia, too, and thus imposes still greater demands on the courage of the Croats in deciding to turn their backs upon the specious promises of the Axis to give them greater freedom than they can hope to enjoy inside the Yugoslav federation.

Those who have met the new Premier describe him as a man of energy and ability much above the average. His outlook for the future is entirely realistic and he seemingly places his reliance in great part on the fighting qualities of his own army, but still more on the extent of the support which can be given him by Britain. As for all the Balkan countries, supply is a serious preoccupation for the Yugoslav general staff. Undoubtedly the successful action fought by the Mediterranean fleet against the Italians last week has greatly raised the confidence of Belgrade in Britain's ability to deliver the goods.

Mr. "Jonah" Matsuoka

AT about the time of his departure from Tokyo, bound for Moscow, Berlin and Rome, Mr. Matsuoka, the Japanese Foreign Minister, caused some kites to be flown. They were designed to ascertain whether the British Government would not like him to visit London. There were no official reactions. But after his visits to Berlin and Rome there was plenty of comment in the sense that to



Land Girl Receives a Badge

At the opening of the Chester War Weapons' Week, which included a parade of Land Girls, presentations of awards were made to members of the Women's Land Army. Miss Davenport is receiving a badge for good service from the hands of the Earl of Derby

receive Mr. Matsuoka was obviously to court military disaster and should not be contemplated for a moment.

Certainly his trip to Europe was the signal for a series of reverses to his partners in the Axis which must have been no less embarrassing to them than discouraging for him. In Berlin the adhesion of Yugoslavia to the Axis had been hurried through for the special impression of the Japanese visitor. Alas, he arrived only in time to be greeted with the news of Germany's worst diplomatic reverse of the war. His arrival in Rome coincided with a smashing Italian naval defeat and a steady flow of reports to show the disintegration of the Italian African Empire.

Small wonder that the wags in London were saying that Mr. Matsuoka's middle name ought to be Jonah; that his presence in a belligerent capital was clearly a luxury which Britain



Land Girl Drives a Tractor

The Duchess of Gloucester paid a visit to the Northamptonshire Institute of Agriculture to inspect members of the Women's Land Army. She stopped for a talk with Miss Mildred Parker, who comes from Peterborough, and is now quite at home in driving a tractor

could ill afford at the present time. It might change our luck.

Admiral "Laval" Darlan

WE must suppose that Admiral Darlan was well pleased that he had been able to satisfy the German demand that he must hasten to produce an incident between the British and French fleets. Inspired mainly by his insatiable ambition to become Head of the French State—a post for which he could now never qualify in a new Europe dominated by Britain—Admiral Darlan is using his utmost endeavours to help Germany to victory. Whether his latest move will have that effect is by no means so sure.

Britain's reluctance to see Vichy as a hostile force, and the consequent lenience of our contraband control in respect of ships carrying cargoes from Africa to France, has resulted in that country becoming the biggest leak in the Allied blockade. When recently we were minded to call a halt to this practice our American friends urged us to hasten slowly, feeling that there might yet be something to be done with Vichy. Thus the "leak" was allowed to continue and there were even discussions on Anglo-American arrangements for sending additional food to unoccupied France.

All this has probably been knocked on the head by Admiral Darlan's brusque challenge of our undoubted rights as a belligerent. Nor shall I be surprised to find that he has done irreparable harm to his cause in the United States, where a desire to mitigate possible hardship in France was nowhere linked with any desire to help Hitler or to hamper the British effort for victory.

In the long run it will prove that Admiral Darlan had spent more of his past career in political antechambers than in active sailing, and this fact may ultimately work for our benefit. There is no evidence that the bulk of the younger French sailors wish to take the French navy into action on behalf of Germany against Britain. Nor, to judge by the Battle of Crete, is it clear that reluctant navies taken or sent to sea by their German masters are necessarily effective.



Decorations for Three Scottish Officers

Three officers of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders received their decorations from the King at a recent Buckingham Palace investiture. Capt. F. H. Lauder got the M.C., Lieut. Hugh Campbell the M.B.E., and Major Lorne Campbell the D.S.O.

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

Good Material and Bad

"THE incommunicable mystery of the sea." I forget who said this. Perhaps nobody. Possibly it is merely the crystallisation of what all seafarers, and landfarers too, have felt about the world's changeless, ever-changing high-roads. Whatever its origin the phrase sums up the informing spirit of that great writer, Joseph Conrad, which is at once mysterious and incommunicable. The commonplace that all art reveals itself in its own terms and cannot be explained in any other finds one of its greatest ratifications in the works of this supreme storyteller. From which it follows that any play or film based on any of the novels is bound to fall short of the original, and even to betray it.

Victory, expounded with all its author's wealth of imagery, superb narrative power and the driving force which comes from sheer length, was always a difficult story. What strength lay behind the apparent weakness of Heyst? What weakness lay behind the apparent strength of that gangster outlaw, Mr. Jones? As Heyst, Fredric March fails to suggest what Conrad never made quite clear. In the book some uncommunicated power made Heyst unafraid of his would-be murderer; in the film (*Plaza*) he quakes with terror despite his asseverated "I am not afraid of you, Mr. Jones."

As Mr. Jones, Sir Cedric Hardwicke has more success. Conrad gave no clue to the reason for this monster's dislike of women, whereas Sir Cedric, seizing on this as the part's one aspect, gives Mr. Jones the blond, tired hair and blond, weary manners of the transgressor paying for his transgressions in terms of satiety. Except for this performance the picture must prove oddly unsatisfying to anybody who expects a screen-sequence to do for the eye what a page of this great master does for the mind. To anybody who does not look

for this the picture must seem remarkably good. It has the right quality of tragic, or at least melodramatic, suspense. It reproduces some of what one takes to be the atmosphere of the South Seas. And—this is indeed a triumph—it presents a low joint in which the absence of Marlene Dietrich is not remarked. Though I must rank *Victory* as a failure, it is the kind of failure which is worth half a dozen of Hollywood's successes.

IN the matter of *Flight Command* (Empire) I think I ought to explain that I am the least mechanically minded of mortals. As a boy with a bicycle I never succeeded in discovering what a ball-bearing was. Whenever anything happened to my machine and there was no younger brother at hand, I would wheel it home from any distance up to twelve miles. As a grown-up motorist my notion of dealing with a recalcitrant motor engine has always been to deal the bonnet a smart tap with a coal hammer. I regard the aeroplane as the most mischievous contraption devised by man since the invention of printing. In short, I look upon the internal combustion engine as proof of the existence, and active participation in mundane affairs, of the devil. From which it will be gathered that I have not very much interest in flying pictures.

Yet *Flight Command* seemed to me to be good in its kind. I am getting used to the bounce and brag which the film insists is the natural outfit of half America's youth, the other half being equipped with a shyness to be met with only in the backest of back woods. This film is about the first half. Robert Taylor, prize exhibit at his preparatory flying school, has come to join the air arm of the navy.

Well, I suppose we mustn't laugh too much at a squadron calling itself the Hell Cats. Haven't we got our Death or Glory Boys? Anyhow the Pensacola Kitten turns up and

finds that life among his big brothers is anything but a bowl of cream. And, of course, it is all his own fault, not baling out when he should, and taking up aeroplanes when he shouldn't.

A trifle schoolboyish? Possibly. But then the mentality of the fourteen-year-old schoolboy is the dead centre of the film business, let highbrows say what they will. How about the schoolgirl of fourteen? The question is rightly put and easily answered. Schoolgirls of fourteen have no mentality, and the reader who doubts this is advised to consult without loss of time Lillian Day's *The Youngest Profession*, a wow in America and recently published over here. Or rather, they have a mentality, and it is so appalling that even Hollywood would not dare to aim quite so preposterously low. The film at the Empire scores the right kind of bull's-eye with its amazing stunts and incredible rescues. The love interest, too, is better treated than in any flying film I remember. Walter Pidgeon and Ruth Hussey play their scenes with skill, reserve and the added implication that an officer should be a gentleman and his lady a real one. In other words, I highly recommend this film.

MANY years ago a lady sitting next to me at dinner said: "What is the use of dramatic criticism? If I was at the play last night I know whether I liked it. If I wasn't, what does it matter?" I had no answer. Or none that she would have understood. Today I feel a little nervous about recommending or non-recommending *No Time for Comedy* (Warner). In this sophisticated—which is beginning to mean dull—picture Mr. Behrman once more trots out the old quartet which thinks it wants a re-shuffle and then decides that it doesn't. This, in my view, is the most boring theme since the discarding of woad.

Knowing that his subject reeks of antiquity Mr. Behrman decides to furbish it up with some business about a comic playwright who is moved by a war two thousand miles away to turn himself into a dramatist with a mission! But comic dramatists don't do such things, and we are to remember that at the time this film was being made America had not got to the cash-and-carry, let alone the lend-and-lease stage. However, I leave readers to decide for themselves. If they have seen the film they know whether they believed it. If they haven't what do they care?



"Victory"—a Conrad Story Filmed

Cedric Hardwicke as Jones, Jerome Cowan as Ricardo, Fredric March as Axel Heyst are three of the players in the Hollywood adaptation of Conrad's "Victory." Alma is played by Betty Field, and John Cromwell directed. "Victory" had its premiere at the Plaza on March 28, and is discussed by Mr. Agate above



"Flight Command"—a New Air Thriller

Commander of the Hell Cats, a crack squadron of a U.S. Naval Air Station, is Walter Pidgeon, his loving wife is Ruth Hussey, and a new cadet who nearly makes trouble is Robert Taylor. This is the triangular base of "Flight Command," a thriller which Frank Borzage directed. It also had its premiere—at the Empire—on March 28, and is one of Mr. Agate's subjects above



Carla from Canada

Blonde Miss Lehmann Plays in a
New British Film, "Cottage to Let"

Photographs by Pictorial Press

Carla Lehmann is the extremely pretty young Canadian who has been climbing her way up the stage and screen success-ladder for the last four years. She has been in Priestley's *People at Sea*, the Marie Tempest vehicle, *Mary Goes to See*, *Banana Ridge* and *Spotted Dick*, and quite a handful of films, including *Sailors Three*, which brought her a mad-keen fan-mail from the Forces, and *49th Parallel*, which gave her a free trip home to Winnipeg. Now she is in the film version of *Cottage to Let*, a last-summer stage thriller. Leslie Banks and Alastair Sim played in it then, and do now, and so does the boy discovery, George Cole. Carla herself is the daughter of a Winnipeg surgeon, had made her amateur stage debut as *Peter Pan*, before she came to England, full of confidence and eighteen-year-old sophistication, to learn to act. Now she is twenty-four

Arch-villain of the film is Alastair Sim as a German spy; he played the same part on the stage. He chivalrously shares his apple with Carla as they wait on the set



Director of "Cottage to Let" is Anthony Asquith. Carla plays a V.A.D. at a Scottish village hospital, and John Mills is the airman D.F.C. who bales out into a nearby loch, and turns out to be a Nazi agent



The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"No Time for Comedy" (Haymarket)

"SMART" is the word for this play, which is as smart as they make them. As smart as Noel Coward, though it is by S. N. Behrman. As smart as Schiaparelli, though Diana Wynyard's costumes were designed and executed by Paquin and Victor Stiebel. As smart, twice, thrice as smart, as the Haymarket Theatre, where it is being played. And the audience at the first performance was as smart as they make them, too—the smartest audience we've had since the blitz dispersed the deadheads.

Everyone—or perhaps I should say everyone left—seemed to be there. It was, as I remarked to a friend, quite like a real first night. When I had remarked, "It's quite like a real first night" to a second friend, a third came up and made the same remark to me, after which, cautious of clichés, I kept my mouth shut. But quite like a real first night it was, even though it took place in the late afternoon, with no bare shoulders, no white waistcoats, no gibuses, no fascinating wraps—but, on the other hand, with the immemorial first-night crowd outside, flocking to see the celebrities, like children at the Zoo.

THE play is just three acts of diverting flim-flam. The protagonists are just expensive people whose interest largely depends on the fact that they lead expensive lives. It may occur to you that Nero should have been in one of the boxes, if not the orchestra. But Mr. Behrman has forestalled

that thought in his title, *No Time for Comedy*. Thinking, doubtless, of himself, he writes a play about a playwright who, accustomed to writing plays like Mr. Behrman's, tries his hand at something more important, fails lamentably, and finally decides, Europe or no Europe, to stick to the kind of comedy he really can bring off.

Nevertheless, forestalled as we are, laugh as we do, and ready as we may be to concede that almost no time is no time for comedy—for when would Falstaff be out of place?—we do feel something unsatisfactory at the finish. Perhaps it is that this, though *Some Time for Comedy*, is, after all, *No Time for Smartness*. As an American living in the United States a couple of years ago, it is easy to understand how Mr. Behrman came to write this play. But had he been an Englishman living in London to-day, could he possibly? It is certainly not in key with the feeling of our time, though a far more accomplished and entertaining piece of work than many which rather grossly are.

FOR Mr. Behrman has a lively wit and turns a pretty phrase. He extracts much flippant fun from his footling quartette—from Gaylord, the playwright, who tries so hard to be inspired to higher things by



Gaylord Easterbrook (Rex Harrison) is soothed with brandy and flattery by Amanda (Lilli Palmer) under the eyes of her husband, Philo Smith (Walter Fitzgerald)

the lady who attracts him; from Linda, his actress-wife, who waits for him to come down to earth and home to roost with all the rather irritating wisdom of *What Every Woman Knows*; from Amanda, who angles expertly but inspires in vain; from Philo, her stolid husband, who falls for Linda, an aberration which may be condoned on the ground that it does help to get a little more action into three highly conversational acts.

NOBODY could possibly care what happens to any of these people—which being so, a cynical ending might have been more comfortable than the sentimental happy one that brings down the curtain. Nevertheless, they do keep the laughter rippling with cultured backchat that is like the tinkle of distant fairy bells. And the acting is as polished and glossy as the dialogue. Rex Harrison as the playwright

breezes his way through the piece refreshingly. Lilli Palmer as his seductress attitudinises to admiration. Walter Fitzgerald as the stolid man of business is a rock of the first water. And Diana Wynyard as the actress—well, I have always been a fan of hers, and a fan of hers I remain. But does she not exercise her charm a little too unremittingly? Are there not moments when real feeling should break (rather than peep) through, and to hell with fascination? It seems as though, having got us in the hollow of her hand, Miss Wynyard cannot trust us not to slip through her fingers. But if she will let herself go, we will remain there safe enough.

A GOOD word for Elizabeth Welch, who plays a coloured maid as well as a coloured maid can be played. Another good word for Arthur Macrae, who, as an effete philandering stooge, has the worst part in the piece and makes it entirely tolerable.



Sketches by Anna Zinkeisen

"No Time for Comedy": Amanda (Lilli Palmer), the highbrow seductress, Clementine (Elizabeth Welch), the coloured maid, and Linda Easterbrook (Diana Wynyard), actress-wife of the straying playwright



Fanny, a white West Highland terrier, is the constant companion of Dame Marie Tempest, upon whose knee she sits on the sunny terrace

Dame Marie Tempest, known and beloved by every English theatre-goer, has suffered at the hands of Hitler, who respects neither persons nor talent. Her flat in St. John's Wood was chosen as a military objective by the Nazi night raiders and badly bombed, and much of her furniture and other treasures which were in store suffered the same fate. In spite of this attack, and being extremely annoyed with the said ruffian, Dame Marie is as cheerful and full of humour as ever, and one can imagine her chuckling even over these misfortunes. She has been living temporarily at Great Fosters, Egham, which was built by Henry VIII. as a hunting-box, and is surrounded by a U-shaped moat indicating a former Saxon house. A revival of *Dear Octopus* was the last play in which Marie Tempest appeared in London, just before the outbreak of the blitz. Blackpool will see her return to the stage in a revival of one of her many successes at the Haymarket, *The First Mrs. Fraser*, supported by A. E. Matthews and a strong cast. It opens on Easter Monday, April 14th

Right: Dame Marie admires the flowers in the oak-panelled hall at Great Fosters, at one time the hunting-lodge of Henry VIII.



Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Going West

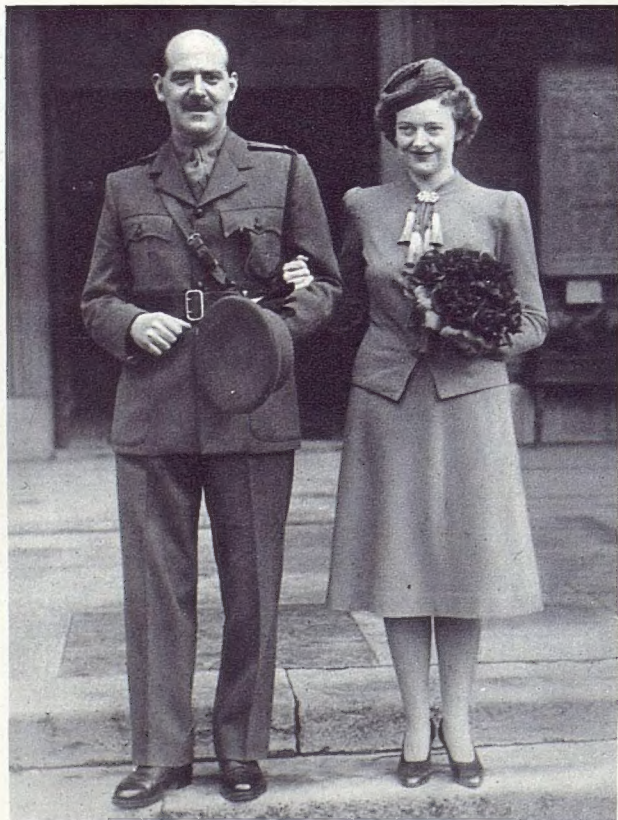
THE countryside is in very good order at the moment, with the first green undershoots pushing up where there is still grass, and encouraging expanses of newly-ploughed plough.

And all about, crouching under trees and against hedges, sinister monsters with various sorts of caterpillar-wheels, coyly disguised as undergrowth. Really, there is great scope for anyone with a mind to make these fierce things gentler. Their present disguises are effective but no more: a J. M. Barrie, for instance, could surely have made them almost talk as they wended their ponderous way through English woods in springtime. Great soulful eyes like wild deer in front, and banks of wild violets painted up their flanks.

The brave boys who belong to them get very picturesque when there is a mock battle on, and garland their tin hats and burly shoulders with any and every twig and leaf they fancy.

Country Problems

SHOPPING in country towns is fantastically difficult. Laughing conversations with the assistants have replaced the brisk exchange of currency for bulging parcels, and flies walk moodily about the empty counters.



Major Dalby and Mrs. Tollemache

Major Charles Dalby, 60th Rifles, younger son of Major and Mrs. John Dalby, of Castle Donington, Leicestershire, and Mrs. Patricia Tollemache were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. She is the only daughter of the late Sir John Smiley, Bt., and of the Dowager Lady Smiley, and sister of the present Baronet, and widow of Mr. Rupert Douglas Tollemache

Residents are all right, of course: it is the casual passer-through who has a fancy for some chocolate and biscuits, or maybe a tin of this or that, who suffers.

Panting for chocolate, I at last ran to ground a last-year's Easter egg. The fact that this was the cargo of a tin traction engine that wound up rather added to the expense, but even this greying and brittle old chocolate was an exciting find, and perhaps Lord Beaverbrook will be able to convert the traction engine into part of a "Spitfire."

I have never seen so many pheasants about as there are at the moment. Twenty-nine rose languidly from one bit of plough where they were breakfasting late. So if not in the larder, there is at least food about.

Country Houses

SIR GEORGE MEYRICK has a large house at Hinton St. Mary, but it is farther west than one finds the most, and the most beautiful, country houses.

Lord and Lady Shaftesbury's home, St. Giles, is lovely, and simply enormous. One wing is now given over to a girls' school, evacuated from London—among the pupils is Marianna Sturt, their granddaughter. Her father was the late Lord Alington, whose place is near, and her mother was formerly Lady Mary Ashley-Cooper.

Bryanston, which used to be inhabited by Portmans, is now all school. The Lord Portman who built it had 30,000 acres around, and his own pack of hounds. The pack, of course, still exists—as much as any pack at the moment—but it is no longer private. It hunts an up-and-down, fairly well-wooded country, without much to jump. The present Lord Portman lives in Somerset, and was Master of the Taunton Vale until the outbreak of war, when he returned to his old regiment, the Grenadier Guards.

Packs and People

HUNTING in Devon and Cornwall is rather an affair of banks, boulders and bogs, which require a different sort of enthusiasm from the more sophisticated packs. But in the Middle West is, surely, some of the next best hunting to the shires—for example, with the Beaufort and the V.W.H. The former has the alternatives of stone-wall and fly-fence country; the stone-wall part is lighter going: the Mendip, near by, is pretty well all upland and stone-wall country.

Farther down, the Cattistock has a good many banks, the rather tricky, narrow kind, but some lovely grass vale. Next door, the Blackmore Vale has a large proportion of narrow-



Selling Linen—

The Countess of Lisburne was in charge of the Household Linen Stall at the "Bring and Buy" Shop at Windsor, organised by Mrs. Philip Hill in aid of the Linen Guild of the King Edward VII. Hospital, Windsor

banking country, and also its famous Sparkford Vale, "the Quorn of the West," all grass and fly fences, with small covers at strategic points. Lord and Lady Digby and Lord and Lady Stavordale used to come out regularly with these two packs, and Major "Geoff" Phipps-Hornby was one of the best-known B.V. figures. Lionel Lambart, with his attractive daughter, Edith, now Mrs. Ivan Foxwell, used to appear a good deal, too, but he was also keen on the Beaufort. Mrs. Foxwell has recently become a mother.

Mr. Higginson, a well-known American who has written a lot of books about hunting, and was laughingly known as "Hig," was for some years Master of the Cattistock. He was rather criticised locally for introducing Welsh blood into the famous old pack, of which Parson Milne had been Master for so many years. Mrs. Higginson is Mary Newcombe, the actress.

In Berks

SIR CHARLES HARRIS is a distinguished retired Civil Servant who lives in the pleasant county of Berkshire. His wife broke her foot not long ago, but was quite unput back by the seriousness of the event for someone of her distinguished years; soon got it mended, and is going about as briskly as ever.

Also in Berkshire is tall, red-haired Mrs. Jocelyn Pollock. She is very slim, smart and amusing: her husband, Brigadier Pollock, is in the East, and her mother, Mrs. Kirwan, a delightful character, is in the country with her.

Postscript to Cheltenham

RUPERT INCLEDON-WEBBER, who at one time used to go racing a fabulous number of days a year, is still keen. When the car which was to have conveyed him from the south coast, where he is stationed, to Cheltenham, broke down, he set off to get himself the 150 miles by train and hitchhiking—and arrived triumphantly just in time to get his money on for the last race.



—And Groceries

Mrs. Joseph Mackle (left) helped Mrs. Ian Bullough at the groceries stall, which did a roaring trade. Mrs. Bullough was formerly Miss Lily Elsie, the well-known musical-comedy actress



—Also Eggs and Vegetables, at the "Bring and Buy" Shop

Miss Penelope Colt, Miss Moira James, and Miss Elizabeth Mann were three young girls who took their turn selling greengrocery and eggs at the "Bring and Buy" Shop at Windsor. Over £2000 was raised in one week for King Edward VII. Hospital Linen Guild

People About

COMMANDER GRIFFITHS is a nice member of the American Navy, over here at the Embassy at the moment. He came over by Clipper—I asked, with bated breath, about the excitingness of the experience, but we finally agreed that going in aeroplanes—anyway, the big luxury kind—is very much like going in buses, except that nothing passes the window beyond an occasional bit of cloud. Taking-off and landing are fun, but on such a long trip they happen such a long way apart.

Sir John Phillips is a young man of great charm and promise, a combination rare enough to be pretty important. He is a brother of Baroness de Rutzen, who is the most exquisitely cool-looking blonde. He has a lovely place, Picton, in South Wales.

Lord Tredegar, of course, is also from Wales. He keeps all sorts of exciting pets down there—monkeys, macaws and a complete aviary. These creatures amuse or annoy his guests, according to the temperaments of the latter.

Sad End

IT is sad to hear of the death of another socially well-known person. Ferry Pilot "Bobby" Lowenstein was one of the best-known of the pre-war playboys—from Leicestershire, where he had a house, to Le Touquet, on the Riviera, the Lido, America and all over the place. He inherited five million when he was eighteen: enough to excite anyone, but he was always "charming with it," as they say, and as soon as war broke out he flew back from America to try to join the Air Force of his native Belgium: finally became an A.T.A. pilot, and has been busy ferrying every kind of R.A.F. plane from station to station, which was how he was killed.

His father, from whom his money came, was Captain Alfred Lowenstein, the Belgian financier, who died

mysteriously by falling from an aeroplane when it was crossing the Channel.

Theatre Stuff

REX HARRISON has lots of fans: girls the length and breadth of England revel in his technically perfect insolence, and the way his suits are cut. Old ladies, too, quite likely.



Mr. Wiggins-Davies and Miss Gilbert

Mr. Walter Wiggins-Davies, M.B., F.R.C.S., and Miss Ann Destin Gilbert, only daughter of Commander W. R. Gilbert, R.N. (ret.), of Compton Castle, Devon, and Lady Beryl Groves, of Revesby Abbey, Boston, Lincs., and niece of the Earl of Clancarty, were married at Chelsea Old Church. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Wiggins-Davies, of Tudor House, Wyld Green, Four Oaks Warwickshire

And Diana Wynyard, suggesting so much smooth integrity, all that is best in woman combined with glamour and sophistication, is quite as popular as the famous cup of tea.

Lilli Palmer does not yet, perhaps, rank as quite such an institution as the others, but she is as good as a third side to a triangle as one could want.

So to much of the public it is these three that are the thing, rather than the play, and *No Time for Comedy* is a splendid opportunity for observing them at it again. For anyone but Rex Harrison to be bored by a boring mistress would be very boring indeed. But add to that the lucky chance that Miss Diana Wynyard is the clever wife who triumphs, and the whole thing has a point.

Of course, the idea of someone being unable to think of a new idea for a play strikes a pretty all-round chord. After all, who can?

Culture

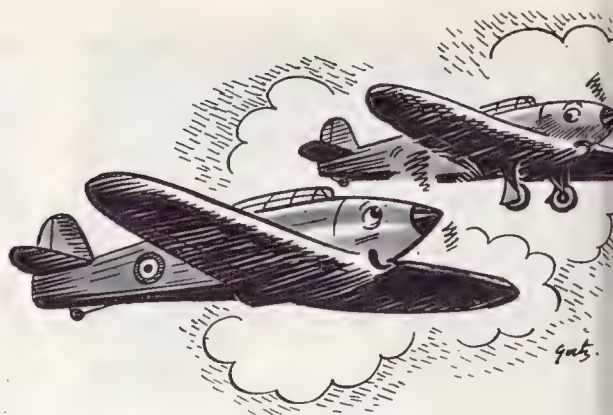
A SHOP-WINDOW notice says, "Real Pearls from Cultured Oysters." The idea is startling at first, but pearl-making is obviously very difficult, requiring culture from its maker rather than from the pearl itself. And although at first glance oysters are unintelligent, Lewis Carroll animated them in verse and drawing in "The Walrus and the Carpenter," and gave them great and engaging personality, so that their end was really moving. Do you remember the rather big boots they wore at the ends of their imaginary spindly legs? Those are the bits of pathos that make humour funny, as exploited by Little Tich, Charlie Chaplin and so on.

How maddening it is for the owners of family pearls as big as sparrows' eggs or as long as skipping-ropes, to have these cultured oysters butting in and spoiling the pawning market!

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis



Hero

THE modern Greeks make such an issue of Byron that the *Daily Mail's* helpfulness on Greek Independence Day in printing a little piece telling the Island Race exactly who the fellow was, and so forth, is still highly appreciated, we find.

Far be it from us to imply with native low cunning that *Don Juan* or *Childe Harold* is our bedbook, that we have ever found either epic, barring a few stanzas, anything but a bore, or that we know much about Byron's fight for Greek independence except that he died of fever at Missolonghi in April 1824. We esteem Byron personally because he is one of our few great national poets who ever wanted to fight anybody. Like most of the great French poets, ours have been mainly a bourgeois, peaceable lot, except perhaps in the home; unlike the militant major poets of Spain, who seem nearly all to be soldiers, priests (or both), or rebels. Sidney, Marlowe, who stabbed a chap in a pub down at Deptford, and Byron appear to be our only big boys of action in the poetry racket (as if you cared!).

To the Greeks Byron is still a living hero and a symbol, and we were covered in

confusion and misery when a Greek once begged us in St. Germain-en-Laye, dear little town, to take him to the convent where Byron's daughter (? granddaughter) by Augusta lived and died a nun. The warmhearted but naïve Hellene seemed to think the place was daily besieged by British tourists. The Greeks are gallant, but certainly odd.

Stooge

WISTFULLY remembering a simpler, sweeter world, the public prints recorded the other day that "George," last surviving original of *Three Men in a Boat*, had died at the age of seventy-nine: a Mr. George Wingrave, a former bank official, as in the book.

Jerome K. Jerome—whom we met once in his old age, urbane, dignified, rather aloof, enveloped in a black cloak and a halo of silver hair, and looking like the eminent Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux—was more fortunate with his stooges than some literary chaps. For example, Kipling, whose "Stalky" and "M'Turk" intimidated more in later life that they and their author were never the gay young dare-devils the public had been led so long to believe. (Mr. "M'Turk" Beresford, if we rightly remember, took a chilly view of at least one school-days episode mentioned by Kipling in his recent memoirs as well, deeming it apocryphal.)

Laugh

HOWEVER, neither "George" nor "Harris," to say nothing of Montmorency the dog, seemed to mind Jerome's turning them into clowns for a vast public, which was just as well.

More nervy characters, living in this touchier age, might have made a King's Bench issue of it, fifty grave residents of Maida Vale testifying on oath that since reading how the complainant lost his shirt near Sonning-on-Thames, they had ceased to cherish their former high regard for him as a citizen and a banker. Damages—inevitably—for complainant, with costs, and if you don't consider that likelihood as broadly comic as anything in *Three Men in a Boat* you must be a very dogged old Nordic sobersides indeed, and maybe a lifelong subscriber to *P—ch*, or something.

"I hope you don't mind my mentioning it, dear, but I'm afraid your undercarriage is showing"

Spinach

TRACTABLE enough in some ways, we refuse with oaths to obey Auntie Times in the matter of calling the Servians "Serbians," a spelling which the old trot forced on Fleet Street some years ago. Go rub your overbearing Roman beak with baseline, we said fiercely at the time, knowing Slogger Shaw (see *Arms and the Man*) to be on our side, not to speak of generations of the heroes, our fathers.

A great wave of priggishness and niff-naffery over spelling and pronouncing foreign place-names swept the country at the same time. All this pedantic nonsense our fathers would have scorned. We know a citizen of the world, fluent in five languages and a lifelong traveller, who still refers to "Callis" and "St. German's" and "Reems" and "Cape Grinny," as his forbears did. Also "Orsterlitz," visiting which battlefield a few years ago he found to his annoyance, not having consulted Mr. Belloc's *Napoleon*, that this name of splendour has vanished completely from the map, and the Bohemian village from which the most famous field in history takes the name is now known to the infatuated natives as "Slavka"; one more relic of last-war madness.

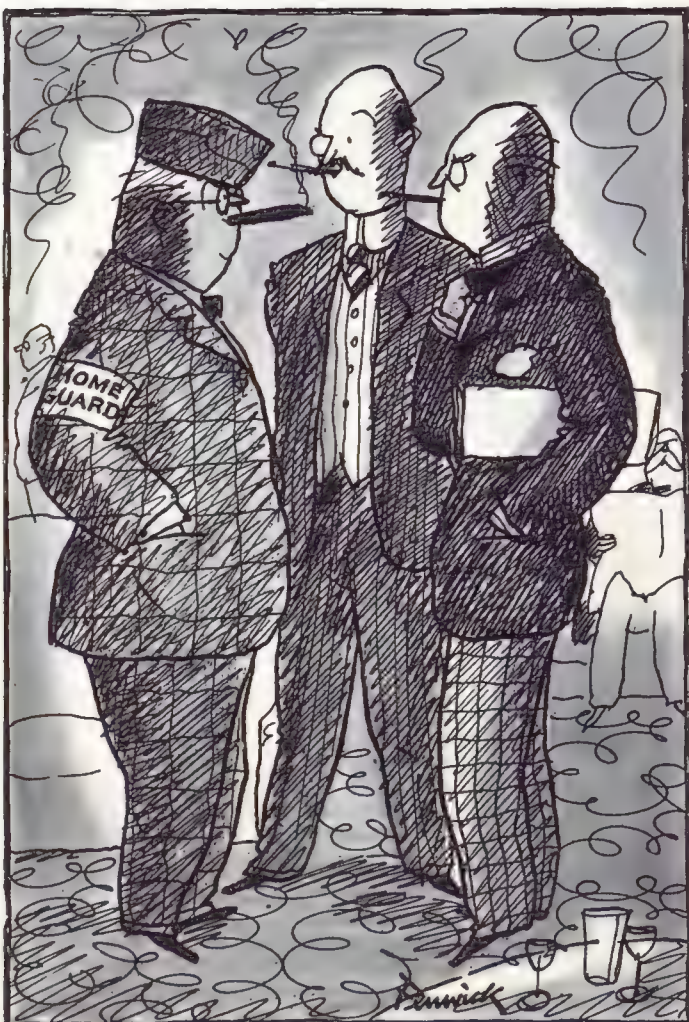
Since the Servians now call and spell themselves Jugoslavs, we may take it that one of Auntie's dome-headed minions is now working night and day on a project for putting something like "Zhūghoslavs" over the helpless citizenry, aided and abetted by the B.B.C. boys, who are so in love with their voices that any new cadenzas, trills, roulades, arias, recitatives, and vocal fiddle-faddle and hugaboo any pedant can think up for them are probably received with cries of joy. Don't look round yet, but the word "spinach" covers the lot, in our revolting view.

Concession

COVILY, not to say sotto-voce, like an elderly Victorian governess admitting that last night she was one-over-the-eight, Auntie Science, the froward old haybag, continues to admit that our ancient forefathers were not all fools. Or so we gather from a scientist's recent declaration at the Royal Institution that only the Earth among the planets has that temperature and distance from the sun which permits of life.

Thus does the recent theory, or (since Science is notoriously given to assuming hypotheses as facts) dogma that there are other life-bearing worlds in our planetary system pass quietly down the drain, following the Irreducible Victorian Atom—replaced by the Ever-Divisible Georgian Electron—the Survival of the Fittest, and other whimsies. Our feeling is that it wouldn't matter about Science's coming a

(Concluded on page 52)



"What do you mean, 'The way I wear it'?"



Brighton has a new Officers' Sunday Club at the Norfolk Hotel. The dance floor was crowded on the opening Sunday. Com. Mrs. Doreen Holder was snapped dancing with Lord Newtown-Butler, son and heir of the Earl and Countess of Lanesborough

Out and About

In London and Brighton

Photographs by Swaebe



Lord Andrew Cavendish, Coldstream Guards, was photographed with his fiancée, the Hon. Deborah Miford, outside a London restaurant. They are to be married on April 19



Mrs. May Hopkinson dined at the Lansdowne with Flt.-Lieut. Terence Weldon, her sister, Miss Suzanne Hopkinson, and the Earl of Warwick, who films for the M.O.I. Flt.-Lieut. Weldon, brother of Sir Anthony, and Miss Hopkinson will be married in August



Also enjoying themselves at the Lansdowne were Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wilkins. They were married three months ago. He comes from the Isle of Wight and is in the R.N.V.R. She was Miss Rachel Grotian, daughter of Major and Mrs. Grotian, of Ripon, Yorks.



Lady Bridgett Poulett, sister of Earl Poulett, of Hinton House, Somerset, has been doing work of national importance since the outbreak of the war and has been in London throughout the blitz. She dined with Mr. Peter Davies at the Lansdowne Restaurant recently

Standing By ...

(Continued)

purler at regular intervals if she didn't hector and bully so much, like a bouncing Prussian sergeant-major, and sweep away all thought in past ages as trash; at the same time rediscovering such theories as the relativity of Time, postulated by Aquinas in the Thirteenth Century, and brazenly passing them off as new.

Plea

BIOLOGISTS, of whom Léon Daudet has remarked that every infallible pronouncement they have issued for the past seventy years would now make useful paper bags for grocers, are charming chaps personally, dear persons, and we know at least one who plays a jolly good game of golf, so you see they're not really bad *au fond*. It's just that old hubris, crust, or spiritual pride, which got the Greeks also in wrong with the avenging Fates.

Memory

A REPORT that the Duce has recently been transferring some of his ample funds to banks in Chile and Peru reminds one inevitably of the fate—too often forgotten—of a previous war-lord and menace to Europe.

Kaiser William's last-minute plan, as everybody knows now, was to abdicate and fly to Holland. Nemesis and the Fates, working through and with their buddy, Mr. D. Lloyd George, had other schemes, and we need hardly remind you again how sternly that maestro's reiterated promise to the world was carried out: the solemn procession (Derby Day, 1919) down Whitehall to the tall, richly-decorated gallows in Parliament Square; the politicians, idols of the populace, prancing on their Arab steeds, their noble pans rigid with majesty and doom; the Life Guards escorting the Imperial criminal in his Lobengrin armour; the blare of trumpets and the rolling of drums as the hangman fitted the silken rope to the Imperial neck; the final triumph of Truth and Justice and the vast pop-eyed mobs filing past the body at sixpence a go, charged by the Office of Works. Not since Charles I. had London witnessed such a (etc., etc., etc. —see Mr. Garvin's tremendous account, Vol. IV., pp. 367-546). The great Welch orator's emotional refusal of the Crown of America in Trafalgar Square next day was nothing in comparison, even counting the hymns.

Gift

A CITIZEN and Elk has been discovered in America

who talks normally at the rate of 350 words a minute, which is fifty better than the late Mr. Teddy Joyce, the jazz-band conductor, whose certificated normal rate of 300 should have got him further and higher than a band platform, seeing that the best effort of our Parliamentary *hommes de salive* is round about 200.

Strong silent men of great power gabble generally at 125-150—we've timed one at a film conference—and a dear friend of ours, though a stinking Whig, has often done 215 a minute while trying to persuade a dazed electorate to give him £600 a year. Unhappily the man he has been up against each time could talk at 225. The Island Race is peculiar in this matter; for though revering dumbness as an essential symbol of honesty, it is immediately susceptible to torrential chatter on a public platform and falls for it like ninepins.

In Harley Street this condition is known to psychopaths as Buffin's Trauma, and it carries the further peculiarity that when silence is practised for a very good reason, as by the Trappists, for example, the Race thinks this bizarre and does not revere it at all. Enigma!

Laurel

MALTA'S resistance is so increasingly superb that one feels that fine recent phrase about the Maltese facing the onslaught with "piety, fortitude, and scorn," should be more widely attributed to its proper source; which is not, as one would have guessed, Dr. Johnson, or even Mr. Churchill, but busy old workaday Reuter, the Harrods of the news-world.

Nobody suspected Reuter of such mastery of noble language, his normal line being the retailing, in prosaic English, of the follies and crimes of mankind all over the

globe, with a special bargain-line in Turks aged 156 discovered in the remoter spaces of Asia Minor. We doubt also if many visitors to, or residents of, Malta realised the toughness of the Maltese, which has been overshadowed by the glorious valour of the Knights, especially those of Castile, France, and Aragon, and above all those who met the final Turkish assault in 1565 seated in chairs, sword in hand, since they were too weak and wounded to stand. Booksy boys trotting the world henceforth will have something else to fill up their chapter on Malta than those rather patronising references to clergy, goats, Grand Masters, and that false-perspective *motif* among the Cathedral decorations.

As for the cleanly and industrious Reuter, we would give him a special gold medal with a Latin inscription celebrating the fact that when nobody was expecting it he knocked a score of professional leader-writers dizzy and cold with a single monumental phrase: some of them educated men, others alumni of our great Universities, and at least one wielding the pen (as Scott said of Byron) with the easy negligence of a nobleman.

Ordeal

ANOTHER slightly ear-heating A.T.S. incident is reported to us. A high Army brass-hat was recently conducting a mixed inspection party round one of the big A.T.S. supply depôts. "Everything, you see," he said, "is in perfect distribution order. For example, what equipment have we here?" and stepping forward he briskly seized a huge bale and tore it open with a single movement, releasing a flood of five hundred pairs of panties.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"What on earth's this, Fordingham—some more of your wishful-thinking?"

Old Bill Goes East : By Bruce Bairnsfather



"Yer know, they sez the Queen o' Sheba come from round 'ere, Bill."

"Well, I ain't surprised she left"

Belgians in England

The Premier and His Family at Home



The youngest members of the large Pierlot family, Cecile, Gérard and Hubert, are Meccano fans. Cecile, like her father, is generally more of a spectator than executant



M. Hubert Pierlot is fifty-seven years old, began his career as a lawyer, and entered politics after the last war, in which he served in the infantry. In 1936, when he was Minister for Agriculture, he became leader of the Catholic Union, to which belonged most of the parties of the Right. He became Prime Minister in February 1939



It was only in October that M. Pierlot, Prime Minister of Belgium, and his Foreign Minister, M. Spaak, were able to reach England. After the capitulation of the Belgian Army, the King remaining with his people as a prisoner of war, the Belgian Government left the country and established itself in France. When France fell, M. Pierlot sent his Ministers for the Colonies and Finance to London, himself remaining in France with M. Spaak to look after the repatriation of Belgian refugees. Then they in their turn set out for England, arriving after an extremely eventful journey which included nights spent in fields and ditches. Here M. Pierlot rejoined his wife and children, whose home is now a country house not far from London

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Mme. Pierlot and her seven children live at the attractive country house M. Pierlot has taken for them, and he joins them when work permits. On the left, Marie Thérèse, François, Louts, Jean, Gérard, Hubert and Cecile make a Sunday afternoon group with their parents

Hapsburgs in Exile

Austria's Imperial Family Have
Found Refuge in Canada

Before the war, Empress Zita made a home for her children in Belgium, where the Imperial House of Hapsburg had mostly lived since the late Emperor Karl abdicated the Throne of Austria-Hungary in 1918. Late in the autumn of 1939 they moved from Steenockerzeel to Paris, where the Archduke Otto was already living, intending to stay there indefinitely. But again the course of history drove them on, this time to a new continent. They went to America via Portugal, and spent some time in Massachusetts. More recently, they have moved again, now to Quebec. The stern-faced ex-Empress rules the small exiled "Court," which exists wherever she lives with strictness and ceremony. She has never lost faith that her son Otto will one day rule as Emperor in Vienna



Archduke Otto, Pretender to the Austrian Throne, has spent many of his twenty-eight years studying the art of government. Last spring he visited the United States to study American democracy as a model for a Central European Federation of States



Empress Zita, wearing the austere black which she has never discarded, was photographed with six of her children. Behind her are the Archduchesses Adelheid and Charlotte; on the left are Archdukes Rudolf (twenty-one) and Otto; and on the right are Archdukes Karl Ludwig (twenty-two) and Felix (twenty-four). Missing is Archduke Robert, the member of the family best known in England



Hilde is the youngest of three Austrian sisters who came to London in the 'thirties. They are the daughters of Dr. Alfred Peiser, whose Palmer for their English stage name



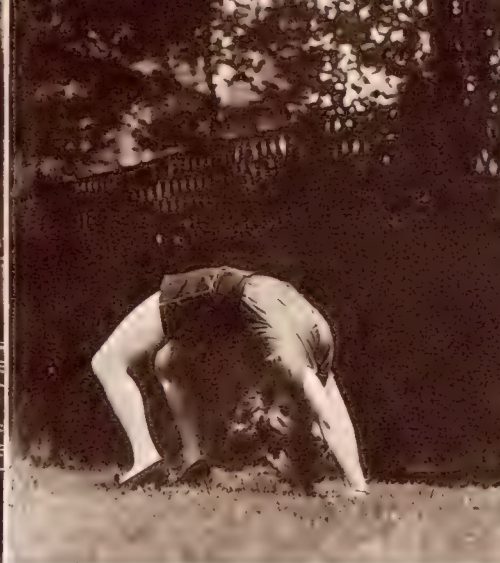
Acrobatic dancing is Hilde's speciality. In her "Orchids and Onions" role she sings as well. "Even Angels Have to Eat" is one of her number

Both sisters play first-class table tennis, and in the garden for choice. Lilli, as a former Central European Champion and elder sister





Apples are important to the Palmers. They used to eat three pounds a day between them; now they only eat what they can get



It's immaterial to Hilde whether she goes backwards or forwards from here



Rusty is Hilde's red setter. All the Palmers are crazy about animals

The Palmer Sisters Come to Town

Lilli and Hilde Commute from Hampstead to the Haymarket and the Comedy Theatres

Lilli Palmer is now playing the would-be inspirer of a handsome young playwright in *No Time for Comedy*, at the Haymarket, with Diana Wynyard and Rex Harrison. Hilde Palmer is in the new revue, *Orchids and Onions*, in which Polly Ward and Albert Whelen are stars. Its premiere at the Comedy was postponed till last Tuesday because Miss Ward had 'flu. The two of them live in Parsifal Road, Hampstead, where these pictures were taken. The eldest sister, Irene, is a singer, has recently had twins, and has for the moment given up the stage for family life

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

a double reputation to keep up in the family game



Lilli has a Scottie called Scroggie, her pride and joy. Going to the Zoo is her favourite spare-time occupation. She came to England in 1935 with considerable Continental stage and film experience behind her, went straight into films here, made her London stage debut in 1938. She is having a great success as what sister Hilde calls "the bad woman" in "No Time for Comedy"

With Silent Friends

By Richard King

London Epic

IT was only the other day I revisited London for the first time since the misnamed Blitzkrieg. I did not go there out of curiosity. I am not one who gloats somewhat over other people's losses. But, going about the West End, I could not help seeing the tragic destruction which has overtaken so many well-known luxury landmarks. Yet, nevertheless, I felt prouder of London that day than I have ever felt in my life. She still looked so much the Greatest City in the World. Life, of course, was not going on as usual, but it was going on, and there was an earnestness, combined with cheerfulness, abroad which seemed to make it "the greatest city in the world" in an infinitely finer and more inspiring sense. No wonder Mr. Basil Woon, at the end of his dedication to his book *Hell Came to London* (Peter Davies; 6s.), writes: "I was merely an observer. I played no part myself in the Battle of London. To those brave men and women who did, I dedicate these pages, with admiration, gratitude and profound respect."

The book has been written partly to refute Mr. Ingersoll, the American journalist, who wrote to his newspaper that, in the first two weeks of the bombing, "Hitler took London but didn't know it." It proves conclusively that not only Hitler never came within a metaphorical mile of taking London, but that London beat Hitler practically to his knees. London was not and, so long as the magnificent courage and cheerfulness which is the banner of courage remains, London will never be, beaten by any Hitler, whether he knows it or not.

This is an exciting and extraordinarily inspiring record of the intense aerial bombardment between Saturday, September 7th, and Friday, September 20th, last year. It is exciting because it is a first-hand experience. It is inspiring because it proves conclusively the magnificent spirit and endurance of obscure Londoners. It is a thriller, besides being one of the most moving sermons which humanity has ever listened to. And it was written at top-speed, hot, so to speak, from the furnace of experience. It has no fal-lals; no merely literary writing. It is, briefly, a book of facts personally gathered during those fourteen terrible days.

London Triumphant

AND terrible those days were. In some ways, unnecessarily terrible; for then the inadequate provision of the public shelters, their lack of sanitation and medical supervision, amounted to a public scandal; though, as the writer cynically remarks: "This being England, we should have the situation well in hand by 1942." Nevertheless, he adds: "In dank cellars, where rats scurried among the sleeping bodies of young children, I heard laughter, even gaiety . . . and a group of twenty in the worst of all the shelters singing 'There'll always be an England,' and 'Land of Hope and Glory.' In fact, London became heroic. The men, for instance, who for so long at the risk of sudden death worked and worked until they eventually unearthed the bomb which, had it exploded, would have wrecked St. Paul's Cathedral—surely, so long as heroes are remembered, 'their names will live for evermore.'"

But it is difficult to differentiate between

the magnificent behaviour and self-sacrifice of thousands of A.R.P. workers, of Home Guards, of the police, and of all those unknown men, women, even children, who risked all in order to succour more unfortunate folk. One stands silenced and abashed before the indescribable heroism of Londoners during those tragic fourteen days. "The other end of the shelter were several people who escaped. One was a girl of ten, who held a torch while A.R.P. men dug all around her to release her from the debris which buried her to the waist. When they got her out she said: 'I'm all right—don't stop for me.'" Every moment of every day and night ghastly things were happening to hospitals, business premises and homes, but, in the midst of the death and the suffering and the loss, there were jokes, and everywhere a demand to help others before helping oneself.

In courage and spirit England never won a finer victory than Londoners won when Hitler's hordes rained down death and destruction during fourteen awful days and nights. And this book is an exciting record of this victory, the best I have so far read. Scarred though she be in places, London emerges greater than ever. "More will be slain. There will be worse destruction. We cannot save those lives nor protect the buildings, but for the soul of London we have an armour, an armour forged in the very fires of war, which no Nazi projectile can ever pierce, and the name of that armour is *Confidence*."

Thoughts from "Hell Came to London"

"THE war may at times make you despair of civilisation. But the behaviour of whole populations menaced by sudden death renews your faith in the race."

"I think the wide difference in the behaviour of domestic animals during raids is largely to be explained by the attitude of their owners."

"Silly squabbles and troubles become meaningless against the supreme question-mark that is To-morrow."

(Concluded on page 60)



Artists in Uniform: Sending-in Day at the Royal Academy

Miss M. T. Roy, a member of the British Red Cross, brought a flower painting called "Summer Glory"

Leading Aircraftman E. A. Fosdike took "Coastal Hamlet" and "Back Street, Kensington," to Burlington House

Miss Mary Eden Collingwood, of Wandsworth A.R.P., painted "Ranee," a police mare, and "The Old Loft at Wandsworth Police Station"

Lt.-Col. Leon Jones also sent in two pictures for the Summer Exhibition—a landscape and a homely still life



“Night Raiders All”: by Lionel Edwards

The following quotation from a letter from an airman friend gave Mr. Edwards the inspiration for his picture: “I saw rather an odd thing . . . which made me feel the loss of my (drawing) pencil. On an aerodrome were two or three night bombers being loaded up by their ground crews, while in an adjoining field were hens (about to go to roost) upon which a stealthy old fox was cocking a greedy eye. I thought ‘Night Raiders All’ would be a good title!”

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

"Faced with death we have found ourselves. May we not also do so when faced with life?"

Offensive and Defensive "Revolution"

MR. PEMBERTON-BILLING was always a thorn in the side of the Government in wartime. He was so in the last war; he is again playing the role. And his new book, *Defence Against the Night Bomber* (Robert Hale; 2s. 6d.), is likely to cause considerable controversy, for its revolutionary character is remarkable. Incidentally, walking through the usual black-out, which is rather like walking through a bottle of ink, one wonders if some of his unconventional ideas regarding this method of defence might not be tried out. For the bombers are overhead; they know exactly where they are; so the blackout appears to be more an example of wish-thinking than a practical method of self-defence. Mr. Pemberton-Billing would change all that.

Briefly, what he advocates is that the present black-out should be replaced by a light-camouflage of extreme brilliance. "Nobody," he writes, "who has ever driven into the headlights of a stationary car, even at a mile distance, can have failed to appreciate how completely everything behind those lights is blacked out. Imagine how this condition of affairs would be aggravated if the lights were not only flashing, but oscillating." About 200,000 lights would be required, and car-owners would be asked to assist. Moreover, the light-camouflage would not only prevent the enemy from finding his objectives, but would aid in every branch of A.R.P. work at night-time.

Again in revolutionary mood, he would silence the A.A. guns at night completely. As one A.A. gunner described his work: "We fire at nothing and hit it every time"; or, as he himself describes it: "It is like shooting a bumble-bee with a revolver in a perfectly black cellar." Thus each bomber brought down by these means has already cost millions of pounds.

As for searchlights, he considers they merely help the enemy to spot important targets; while the balloon barrage, even at its most formidable, is not likely to stand in the way of Hitler if he intends to attack London as he attacked Rotterdam.

To take the place of our present defensive methods, he advocates the building of a "plane described as a "tow-fighter." Any large aeroplane would achieve this object by towing one or more fighters. These fighters could be detached when the enemy was

sighted, thus having retained their full fuel supply from the beginning of the combat. Moreover, the bigger machine could carry a quantity of parachute flares to help the fighters to find their opponents. The same method could be employed for our raids over enemy territory. Yet another suggestion is the construction of "slip-wing" fighters, consisting of two components, one a normal type of fighter, and the other a machine having large wings and a very low wing-loading. "The control of the two components is co-ordinated by a system of automatic electric signals between the two pilots, the lower pilot being in command, or on larger types it is quite simple to interconnect the two control systems so that both are operated by the lower pilot until the moment of separation." Moreover, the larger machine could be used to refuel the fighter in mid-air, and thus prevent the wastage of both time and fuel, besides being able to carry a searchlight or flares.

But on almost every page of the book there are suggestions which are not only interesting, but to some people will sound extremely feasible. On the other hand, many people will probably disagree with most of the book's contents, but they will be extremely foolish if they do not study it all the same. So far, we have by no means succeeded in defending ourselves against the night-bomber. Any suggestion to outwit the enemy in this direction is therefore of extreme importance. Here, then, is a book which is full of such suggestions, and I shall be extremely surprised if it does not cause considerable discussion among experts as well as among the ordinary men in the street.

Thoughts from "Night Bomber"

"I AM convinced that if ever we are to beat Germany, it can be accomplished only by beating her in Germany."



"Fitz's Club": Founder and Helpers at a Dorset Canteen

Two empty houses, both named "Fitz's Club," have been opened by the Hon. Mrs. Eustace Fitzgerald and her friends as a club and canteen in East Dorset, for soldiers living far from their homes, in bare and uncomfortable quarters. They have a rest-room, games room, canteen, and, best of all, hot baths, enormously appreciated by the troops. There are about seventy helpers, all members of the W.V.S. Back: Mrs. Herbert Wilson, Miss Jacoby, Mrs. Cornwallis-West, Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. Jeffrey-Fisher, Miss N. Brightman, Miss B. Brightman; centre: Miss Biggins, Mrs. Jacoby, Mrs. Cogswell, Mrs. Granger, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Impey (secretary to Mrs. Fitzgerald), Miss Taylor, Miss Cynthia Beaumont, Miss Susette Beaumont; front: Mrs. Croke, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Greener, Lady Archer (the last three ladies constitute the House Committee), the Hon. Mrs. E. Fitzgerald and Mrs. Flemmick (members of the Council), Mrs. Margaret Spink, and Mr. Tice (secretary to both clubs)

"If the alternative to ruthlessness is defeat, may we start to be ruthless, and, if so, when?"

"If we can 'give it' as well as we can 'take it,' we shall be able to beat Germany to her knees from six weeks of our being in possession of fifty thousand heavily-loaded bombing aeroplanes."

"Giving oneself the satisfaction of saying 'I told you so,' is the surest way of making an enemy."

Two Unusual Books

THIS week I have been reading two other out-of-the-ordinary books, and that is always a pleasure when so many very ordinary books seem able to find a large public—the general public being, I suppose, ordinary also.

One of these books is *Rich in Range* (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.), by George Marochetti, which I hope to review at length at a later date, but, in the meanwhile, I can recommend it thoroughly.

The other is Jerome Weidman's collection of short stories, bearing the most "unordinary" title of *The Horse that Could Whistle Dixie* (Heinemann; 8s. 9d.).

Strangely enough, although the author has made his name by two novels—*I Can Get It for You Wholesale* and *What's in It for Me?*—which decidedly belong to the hard-boiled attitude towards life, the best of these short stories are those which have a pathetic theme. Not the pathos of tears and sob-stuff, but that far more difficult pathos to endure—the pathos which cannot seek sympathy and dare not show itself. And the best of these struck me as being the story called *Goodbye for Ever*. Such a commonplace occurrence, and yet poignant to a degree. For it represents not only the separation between a mother and her beloved son, but that more complete separation which is the final severance of the ties of motherhood and parental possessiveness. Briefly, it is the episode of an American mother giving a farewell party to her son, who has won a scholarship in college which is to take him to Europe for a year. She herself knows that it is the end of motherhood's most precious chapter, but the boy is all eagerness to get away, and his young friends aid him in his enthusiasm.

I liked, too, the story which tells of a father who every night sat alone in the darkened kitchen by himself, dreaming and thinking, and how his son believed he was either in trouble or "getting queer," when he was only remembering the dead years. And the story of how three young bloods made a bet among themselves to force a strange young woman sitting on a public bench to talk is amusing. But nearly all these stories—and some are only human sketches—have a reality which makes them memorable.

Four Engagements



Harlip

Miss Nancy Harwood-Banner

Captain James Jardine-Hunter-Paterson, K.O.S.B., of Brocklehurst, Collin, Dumfries, and Miss Frances Cordelia (Nancy) Harwood-Banner announced that their marriage would take place shortly, leave permitting. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Hunter-Arundel, of Barjorg Tower, Keir Auldgrith, Dumfries. She is the daughter of Major Sir Harwood Harwood-Banner, Bt., and Lady Harwood-Banner, of Boughrood Castle, Radnorshire, and 1, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7.

Miss Hannah Marks

Harlip



Miss Hannah Marks is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Simon Marks, of Cleeve Lodge, Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7. She is engaged to Captain Alec Lerner, R.C.A.M.C., the Calgary Highlanders, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Lerner, of Winnipeg.



Lenare

Capt. the Hon. Robert Best and Miss Minshull-Ford

Captain the Hon. Robert Best, Royal Welch Fusiliers, is the elder son of Lord Wynford, of Wynford House, Dorset, who succeeded his brother last December. Miss Anne Daphne Mametz Minshull-Ford, to whom he is engaged, is the daughter of Major-General and Mrs. J. R. Minshull-Ford, of Avening, Windlesham, Surrey. Her father is Colonel of the Royal Welch Fusiliers, and was Lieutenant-Governor and G.O.C. Guernsey and Alderney until the German occupation.



Navana

Capt. Jardine-Hunter-Paterson

Miss Joscelyne Verney

Lenare



Miss Joscelyne Verney is the daughter of Lieut.-Col. Sir Ralph and Lady Verney, of the Old Vicarage, Badminton, Glos., and is engaged to Captain Andrew Thorne, Grenadier Guards, eldest son of Lieut.-Gen. and the Hon. Mrs. A. F. A. Thorne, of the Deanery, Sonning, Berks., and cousin of Lord Penrhyn. Her father is Examiner of Private Bills and Taxing Master, House of Commons.

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

War "Wasting"

How thankful our poor, overworked tummies ought to be to Lord Woolton for his purely precautionary measure decreeing that they shall not be asked to deal with more than a shilling's worth of meat per week, plus, of course, many other forms of food which supply the necessary fuel in even greater volume than meat does. Wasting never hurt anyone, bar perhaps Fred Archer, who was rather outsize size for a jockey, and quite as sufficiently unbalanced as to imagine that if he had married the Duchess of M—— he would automatically have become a Duke.

About 50 per cent. of us, I feel sure, have been in the habit of eating far too much, and of the wrong kind of things. It hurts no one to "waste" in reason. The fair slimmer, who does it to acquire elegance, may be an exception, because she does it by the methods other than exercise; but to take off weight by the right ones has never damaged anyone very much.

Personal Testimony

I CAN personally attest. I have got rid of between 3 lb. and 4 lb. inside of twelve hours so as to be able to afford myself the luxury of a 6-lb. saddle in place of a "saucer." The method adopted was by riding slow work on about three iron-mouthed and over-fresh steeds; also a couple of schools in the dewy dawn; walking back from the course in a throttler and gloves; then later a go in a sculling boat, a light shell for choice, in a sweater, and finally dancing with the fairest of fairies at night. Then home to the hay, a bath, and a liqueur glass of something—and next morning perhaps

another muffled walk, if the scales said that it was necessary.

It never made me too weak to ride four races or more, perhaps, in the afternoon. Dinner naturally had to be judiciously



Cambridge Rugby Blue's D.S.C.

Sub-Lieut. E. D. E. Reed, R.N.V.R., a Cambridge Rugby Blue and Old Harrovian Rugby captain, has recently received the Distinguished Service Cross, "for skill, resource and devotion to duty." Not more than a year ago he recovered from a dangerous illness, though his life had been despaired of. He is now serving in H.M.S. destroyer *Fortune*



An Olympic Runner Married

Sec.-Lieut. Alan Pennington, the Border Regiment, the Olympic runner and former President of the Oxford University Athletic Club, was married at Barnes to Miss Margaret Anne Edwards, daughter of the late R. W. K. Edwards, and Mrs. Edwards, of Barnes, S.W. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. John Pennington, of Wallasey, Cheshire. He was slightly wounded in France with the B.E.F. last year

devised, for it is always unfair to Mr. Digestion to ask too much of him when the owner is a bit fatigued. Naturally, such drastic measures are not recommended for general use, because you have to be fighting fit with a very sound heart and lungs to stand them, but *mutatis mutandis*, they can be used, and are infinitely preferable to any medicinal method.

How about the starvation we impose upon ourselves out hunting? Supposing there is a quick find and they go away on their first fox about 11.45; you may get no chance at your sandwiches till well after three, even if the pursuit has not been of the non-stop order. You feel no worse for it. At the end of the operations you may be dog-tired and long past the hunger stage; but that can be made to vanish very quickly if you do the sensible thing, which is to hold each wrist in turn, pulse side up, under a cold-water tap for a few minutes. You then feel ready for that apéritif and a properly-planned repast—and you sleep like the seven brethren of Ephesus.

The Record "Waste"

THE hero of what must be the record weight-reducing feat is Sam Day, the famous jockey, the great uncle of Mr. Alfred Day, the trainer. Sam Day, having ridden Gustavus, the winner of the 1821 Derby, and Priam, the winner of 1830, retired to live the placid life of a farmer near Reading. He was not allowed to stay in this peaceful seclusion, however, for sixteen years after he had stopped riding races, he was dug out by Mr. Alfred Day's grandfather, John Barham Day, to ride Pyrrhus the First in the Derby of 1846, and Mendicant in the Oaks of the same year—both winners. Sam Day's weight had shot up to 11 st. 6 lb. as a farmer—the weight he had to ride in the Derby of those times was 8 st. 7 lb. I suppose he had about a 3-lb. saddle, and so, as can be imagined, he had to do a bit of reducing, and was not given much time in which to do it. Turkish baths were not, I believe, invented in those times, so he had to walk and ride it off. He was none the worse for it. Neither are any of us likely to be if we set about it the right way. J. B. Day, incidentally, was Sam Day's elder brother, and even more famous in the pigskin.



Prisoners of War in Germany

This is one of the first photographs to be received from Oflag VII. D. All the prisoners of war in this group have recently been transferred from the much-discussed camp Oflag VII. C-H. It includes Lieut. P. J. McCall, Captain Martin Gilliat, Captain Lord Rathcreedan, Captain the Earl of Hopetoun, Lieut. D. A. Orr-Ewing, Lieut. C. R. C. Weld-Forester, Major J. S. Poole, Lieut. C. J. J. Clay, and Lieut. A. R. Porter. Lord Rathcreedan was officially reported a prisoner in August 1940. Captain Lord Hopetoun is the son and heir of the Viceroy of India, and was married in 1939 to Miss Vivien Kenyon-Slaney. Lieut. Charles Weld-Forester married the Earl and Countess of Ossory's daughter, Lady Moyra Butler, in 1940

Congratulations and Quick Recovery

To the many which the Hon. George Lambton has already received upon having sent out his second Lincolnshire winner, I should like to add my own. Mr. S. F. Raphael's Gloaming, an unsexed son of Dastur and Nightfall, won at the nice price of 100 to 7. It was as long ago as 1892 that Mr. Lambton, who has been very ill, started training after a very brilliant career as a G.R., his achievements including rides in five Grand Nationals—1885: Mr. Hungerford's Lioness (eighth); 1886: Mr. Zigormala's Redpath (fell); 1887: his own Bellona (fell); 1888: Baron Schroeder's Savoyard (fell); 1889: Baron Schroeder's Savoyard (knocked over). His riding career was practically brought to an end when he got a smashing bad fall riding Hollington at Sandown in February 1892; but he did recover sufficiently to win the Bibury Stakes on the flat on the late Lord Derby's Dingle Bay. Gloaming is well named where his dam is concerned, but not so well as regards Dastur (one of the Aga's). "Dastur" means "the usual," and has ere now been applied to the kind of dinner a future mama-in-law produces for her daughter's walk-out after she had got him on an absolutely tight line. Before he has been hooked, dinners have been of the oyster and Clicquot kind, with some cavaire thrown in.

The British Columbia Services Club

THANKS to the kindness of Mr. W. A. McAdam, the Acting Agent-General for British Columbia, I have been privileged to visit this most admirably-run institution.

The club is in British Columbia House, 1-3, Regent Street, London, S.W.1, and is the U.K. headquarters of the British Columbia Government. The building was completed in 1915, and the Agent-General

at that time (the late Mr. F. C. Wade) made quarters available for the Canadian troops serving in the first German War. Some 5000 men were given sleeping quarters during that period. Upon the outbreak of the present war, the B.C. Government approved of the proposal submitted by Mr. W. A. McAdam, to establish a club and canteen for all Canadians, but primarily for the men who come from the Province. This club was the very first to be opened for overseas troops, and was available a few days after the arrival of the 1st Canadian Division, opening its doors on December 23rd, 1939. Smart work! It is a day and evening resort, sleeping quarters not being possible under present conditions, but it is obviously as popular as the original establishment, and was packed to the lid the time I went to it.

The Amusements Bureau is under the jurisdiction of Mrs. Godman, formerly of Victoria, B.C., and together with other voluntary lady workers she looks after the entertainment of any men on leave.

The canteen is on the lower ground floor of B.C. House, and is under the jurisdiction of Mrs. E. Anderson, formerly of Victoria, B.C. They serve an average 4000 meals weekly.

Many of Mrs. Anderson's assistants are Canadians, and a certain number come from British Columbia itself. Amongst those who assist in the canteen are Mrs. W. A. McAdam, the wife of the Acting Agent-General; Miss Mackintosh, formerly of Toronto; Lady Borrett, wife of Lieut.-General Sir Oswald Borrett, recently Lieutenant of the Tower; Miss Jean Combe, Miss L. Bowron (Victoria, B.C.), Mrs. Lorne Cameron (Vancouver Island, B.C.), Mrs. Humble-Birkett (Victoria, B.C.), Miss Gray Smith (Melbourne, Australia), Mrs. Richmond and Miss Joan Richmond (Melbourne, Australia), Mrs. Gerry Wilmott (Vancouver, B.C.), and many others.

May-June 1916—March 1941

At Jutland the Germans found their target very quickly; at the action off Cape Matapan the enemy found their target very late, and then, from all accounts, it was the wrong one. At Jutland the German shooting deteriorated when the range was closed; at Matapan the Italian shooting must ever remain an enigma. They had plenty of ships with the necessary reach and punching power; they had plenty of targets, and yet they never managed to knock even a bit of paintwork off any of ours. There can only be one possible conjecture. There has been many a first-class shot who will put up a magnificent score on the range, but who goes all to bits in action, when someone is shooting back at him. Where every ship in this great shooting match did so well it seems invidious to single out any particular unit, but for perhaps purely personal reasons I feel that the picture would lack something if gallant old Warspite, in which Sir Andrew Cunningham flew his flag, were not given a special mention. I had the great honour to go aboard her in October 1916, when she was commanded by the late Captain Philpotts. She was one of the ships the Germans claim to have sunk, so that it was more than ordinarily exciting to have a cocktail in her wardroom. At Jutland Warspite's steering-gear was damaged, and for a time she was going round in rings, with six of the enemy devoting their attention to her. She fought them all off, and in spite of her wounds (one heavy shell went through her deck-armour, missed the chapel by a few feet and failed to explode) she came home under her own steam at an average of over 20 knots. At Narvik she again distinguished herself, and now she has led the gallop once more. I feel that I badly want the other half of that cocktail.



An Instruction Course with the Royal Corps of Signals: by "Mel"

These officers of the Royal Corps of Signals, who are on a course of instruction, are seen with one of their instructors, Major C. L. Ommanney, better known as "Charles." They all appear to be listening to him with much delight, although perhaps they have heard that one before. L. to r.: Captain D. Nelson, Major D. G. Collins, Major R. J. de C. Barber, Major C. L. Ommanney, Major R. A. Forsyth, Captain P. A. Totterdell and Captain C. E. Sundell

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Bumper Battles

AN overflowing determination to come to grips with the enemy in all conditions was primitively exhibited by those wilder pre-war motor-car drivers who, foaming and desperate in some vacillating vehicular queue, would so close up with and press in upon the wretched and overwrought rabbit-driver next in front, that they would eventually jog the hinder-part of his car with their car's bumpers.

It was the collision complex coming out, the crash-wish finding expression through the medium of the accelerator pedal, and in peace it was very reprehensible and very contemptible. In war a similar urgency of the speeding spirit is turned to valuable national use. It is seen at its best in the methods of some of our fighter pilots, who appear to wish nothing better than to thrust their airscrew spinners into the very cockpits of the enemy machines.

Often when attacking the enemy they close up to 50 and even 25 yards, and a few days ago there was that story of the Royal Air Force fighter pilot who used his Hurricane as a sort of sickle, whirling it about him and lopping off the wings of two enemy machines, to right and left, before himself baling out and landing with nothing more serious than a sprained ankle.

Early Example

CURIOSLY enough, I was leading a fighter patrol over Germany nearly a quarter of a century ago in which a similar thing occurred. Oliver Sutton deliberately took on an enemy machine in a head-on attack and the two approached one another firing.

Sutton probably shot the German pilot dead, because he made no attempt to pull out, and it was left for Sutton, at the last moment, to swing up and over to avoid a collision. He was a fraction too late and his wing-tip caught and cut the wing of the German machine, causing the machine to fall to bits.

In those days there were no parachutes, so Sutton had to try and master an aeroplane with about a foot cut off one wing-tip. He succeeded in doing this and got home safely.

Battle of Bombs

IT is right that the Air Ministry's pamphlet, "The Battle of Britain," should have attracted so much favourable attention, and Mr. St. George Saunders deserves to be congratulated on the way he wrote it. But I always have a feeling for the bomber pilots.

This pamphlet is necessarily concerned entirely with the fighter pilots. They are superb; but we must always remember that their role is primarily defensive and that, as Captain Balfour has emphasised, we must now contemplate taking the offensive in the air on a grand scale.

The offensive is the work of the bomber pilots and aircraft crews. I should like to see an inspired pamphlet written about them. Their work has little glory attached to it, yet it demands the finest physical, moral and intellectual qualities.

I do not think, however, that such an account could be successfully written by one who had not taken part in actual bombing raids in this war. Direct experience would be essential, and it is notoriously

difficult to find among the men of action, men who are also able to express themselves well.

Quibble

THERE is no need here to go into detail about the pamphlet on the Battle of Britain, because the account has been effectively dealt with elsewhere. But I must do a little quibbling.

It is remarkable in an Air Ministry sponsored pamphlet that there should be lack of uniformity in the spelling of Royal Air Force titles and in the way the names of the German aircraft are given.

Those who know say that German machines should either be described by their full names, thus: "Messerschmitt 110"—and this is my own method—or else by the German abbreviation, thus: "Me 110," there being no full-stop after the two representational letters.

The Air Ministry pamphlet uses neither method, but dodges about indecisively between three others. Another quibble is that the speed of the Spitfire is given at a different figure from that officially stated and accepted at an earlier date.

To the ordinary public these things mean nothing; but to people like myself who are constantly dealing with aviation matters they are irritating, for they suggest lack of attention to detail and lack of familiarity with aircraft. We must expect the individual writer to make mistakes; but when a thing is got out with the help of many different people, some of them specialists, there is no excuse for the smallest blemish.

W.A.A.F.

A DESERVED tribute is paid to the work of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force during the time when our fighter aerodromes were being bombed by the Germans. At some of these aerodromes the women played an important and a courageous part in getting things going again after trouble.

But it should always be emphasised that the women in uniform are doing work which is far less important to the national well-being than the women out of uniform. That is the point that must always be borne in mind when enthusiastic but inadequately studied schemes for calling up more women are being put forward.

The women who are not in uniform are looking after children and bringing them up, and they are keeping efficient the workmen upon whom our industrial output depends by maintaining their homes for them. People in the Services fight well when they know that their homes are secure—secure not only against the enemy, but also against snooping officialism.

Let us preserve a sense of balance in this matter of stuffing women into uniform and making them turn from the really important (the "vital" things, in the exact sense) matters to the less important. It is easy to encourage women to drop their harder responsibilities at home and to put on a uniform and become insignificant units in a machine. But actually the encouragement should be applied in the other direction.



International Air Fighters

A Polish pilot-officer was the story-teller in this group of flying men, illustrating his tale with rapid, expressive gestures. His listeners are Sq.-Ldr. G. A. B. Cooper, the C.O., Pilot-Officer W. G. Gasquoin, from Australia, and Pilot-Officer J. K. Richardson, from New Zealand

First R.A.F. Parachutist

Sq.-Ldr. A. V. Taylor, first officer to make a parachute descent—in November 1917, from a Martin Handyside machine at 1200 ft.—is now an aerial photography expert

With the Fleet Air Arm — No. 29



"A Crane Takes Charge": By Wing Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

A fairly large motor-trolley crane is kept aboard an aircraft-carrier for lifting heavy weights and to raise bits and pieces of any 'plane that may crash on returning to the flying-deck. On the occasion shown in the picture, the crane was motoring about the deck carrying a torpedo, when the ship gave a lurch to port. The crane took charge and careered across the deck; the crew scatter from the menacing monster; some jump overboard in their haste, others seek safety in a kind of galley, just below the flying deck. This platform is always used by the crew to avoid landing aircraft. The propellers of the torpedo are going "full speed ahead," tearing the bluejacket's jumper to shreds, while the ship's cat escapes, as usual, with all nine lives intact

Getting Married



Thunder—Lancaster

Sq.-Ldr. Michael Dalton Thunder, R.A.F., and Elizabeth Lancaster were married at St. Joseph's, Maidenhead. He is the son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. S. H. J. Thunder, of the Grange, Shalbourne, Marlborough, Wilts., and her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Lancaster, of the Points, Cox Green, Berks.

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements



Bassano

Major and Mrs. A. V. Denton

Major Arthur Vyvyan Denton, the Loyal Regiment, elder son of the late H. Vyvyan Denton, of Llanbedr Hall, Denbighshire, and Mrs. Vyvyan Denton, and Patricia Elizabeth Mary Strickland, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude F. Strickland, of Goldhill Manor, Farnham, and Worcester Cottage, Oxford, were married at Worcester College Chapel, Oxford



Carr—Hope-Jones

Allan Eric John Carr, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Carr, of Remenham, Birchington, Kent, and Elizabeth Constance Hope-Jones, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Hope-Jones, of Eton College, Windsor, were married at Eton College Chapel



Coldstream—Gatehouse

Sec.-Lieut. Gerald R. Coldstream, Welsh Guards, son of F. M. Coldstream, of East Blatchington, Sussex, and the late Mrs. Coldstream, and Marian Gatehouse, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. R. P. Gatehouse, of Glebe House, Colchester, Essex, were married at St. James's, Sussex Gardens



Craig Waller—Nicholls

Lieut. Michael Waller Beaufort Craig Waller, R.N., son of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Craig Waller, of Chagate Lodge, Burwood Park, Walton-on-Thames, and Patricia Cary Nicholls, younger daughter of Surgeon Vice-Admiral Sir Percival and Lady Nicholls, of the Spinney, Walton-on-Thames, were married at St. Mary Oatlands, Weybridge



Mackenzie—Philipson

Sec.-Lieut. Neil Mackenzie, Royal Fusiliers, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Mackenzie, of the Yews, Beaconsfield, Bucks., and Felicity Ann Philipson, only daughter of Mrs. Charles Gover, of 1, Troy Court, Kensington, were married at Kensington register office last month

(Concluded on page 68)

**IMPORTANT**

When a vacuum flask is used to contain a beverage prepared with milk, always cover the cork with grease-proof paper. This prevents the milk penetrating the cork and souring the next beverage put into the flask.

If you have not previously adopted this precaution, the cork should first be held in boiling water for a few minutes.

The Cup that Cheers— Restores— Invigorates

THE stress of war-time conditions serves to emphasise the exceptional value of 'Ovaltine' in all emergencies. On A.R.P. or Home Guard duty—in spells of fire-watching or during long hours in the shelter—'Ovaltine,' with its warming, comforting, fortifying nourishment, maintains your strength and energy at a high level.

And when opportunity comes for rest, 'Ovaltine' will help to ensure that your sleep is fully restorative. Even if sleep is restricted or broken, 'Ovaltine' will enable you to derive the utmost benefit from your sleeping hours.

It is easy to prepare 'Ovaltine' and keep it at hand, hot and steaming, in your vacuum flask. If milk is not available, water can be used, as 'Ovaltine' itself contains milk; in which case use rather more than the usual quantity of 'Ovaltine.'

Remember that 'Ovaltine' is 100 per cent. health-giving nourishment, scientifically prepared from Nature's best foods, and possessing special restorative properties.

For all these reasons, 'Ovaltine' should also be your constant stand-by in the home. Its concentrated, correctly balanced nutriment will help to make your diet complete in the food elements required to maintain a high degree of vitality and resistance. But be sure it *is* 'Ovaltine,' which is so different from imitations made to *look* the same.

It would be easy to cheapen 'Ovaltine' by adding household sugar in its manufacture. It is more economical, however, to add the sugar at home if desired. Note especially that although 'Ovaltine' does not contain household sugar, it is naturally sweet and the addition of sugar is unnecessary. 'Ovaltine' is sold in tins at 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3.

Delicious

Ovaltine

The Best Stand-by Food Beverage

Getting Married (Continued)



Lenare

Princess Marie Obolensky

Princess Marie Obolensky announced her engagement in March to Henry Wallace Norrington, R.C.E., only son of the late Major Robert Norrington, and Mrs. Norrington, of Toronto. She is the daughter of Prince and Princess Serge Obolensky, of 60, Muswell Hill, N.10, and sister of the late Prince Alex. Obolensky, the Rugger International



Lenare

Jocelyn Margot Gavin

Jocelyn Margot Gavin, daughter of Flying Officer Ian Gavin, R.A.F.V.R., and Mrs. Gavin, of 64, Chester Terrace, S.W., now at the Orchard, Ashted, Surrey, is to marry Capt. John Miles Burton, R.A., son of the late Lieut.-Col. Miles Burton, and Mrs. Burton, of Littlewick Mead, Knaphill, Surrey



Helen Sherriff

Helen Sherriff is engaged to Pilot-Officer Thomas Wilson Bone, R.A.F.V.R., elder son of Thomas Bone, of Craigielaw, Aberlady, East Lothian, and the late Mrs. Bone. She is the only daughter of the late W. G. Sherriff, and Mrs. Sherriff, of 15, Minto Street, Edinburgh



Lenare

Joe Frazer-Nash

Joe Barbara Gabrielle Frazer-Nash, daughter of Capt. Archie Frazer-Nash, designer of the Frazer-Nash gun-turrets, and Mrs. Frazer-Nash, of Ardua, Kingston Hill, Surrey, is engaged to Flt.-Lt. James Nigel Watts-Farmer, D.F.C., R.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Watts-Farmer, of Taunton, Somerset



Rivington — Hayne

Flying Officer Charles Arthur Rivington, R.A.F.V.R., son of the late Arthur William Rivington, and Mrs. Rivington, of Chipperfield, Herts., and Arabella Louise Nevill Hayne, daughter of the late Captain A. R. N. Hayne, and Mrs. Hayne, of Toronto, were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. She is an Assistant Section Officer in the W.A.A.F.



Robinson — Loraine-Smith

Pilot-Officer Charles Salkeld Robinson, R.A.F.V.R., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Robinson, of Summerhill, Newport, Salop, and Irene Mary Ella Loraine-Smith, elder daughter of the late G. A. Loraine-Smith, and Mrs. Loraine-Smith, of the Cross, Stanton, Glos., were married at Stanton



Murray — Fraser

George Haynes Murray, of 17, Cranley Gardens, S.W.7, and Cicely Adela Marguerita Fraser were married at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens. She is the daughter of Colonel P. B. Fraser, of the Haven, Pulford, Wrexham, Wales

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Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

ONE of the German broadcasters who speaks to "the workers of England" uses the most appalling swear words in his desire to be "matey."

A listener turned him on by mistake.

When she heard Ernest Bevin referred to in language that turned the air around blue, the listener's wife said: "You know, that is very wrong of the B.B.C."

THE occasion was at the end of a very lively reunion dinner, and the taxi driver was hailed by the doorman of the club, who packed four very merry guests into the vehicle.

"The one on the left goes to Park Lane," he explained, "the one next to him to Jermyn Street. The one sitting just behind you goes to Piccadilly, and the fourth to Knightsbridge."

The taximan nodded, and drove off. In a few minutes he returned and hailed the doorman.

"Would you mind sorting out these blokes again?" he asked. "I hit a bump round the corner."

A MAN coming out of a West End store, met a friend and remarked:

"Hallo! Still waiting for your wife?"

"Yes, still waiting," replied the other.

"But I thought she'd gone," said the first man. "I'm almost sure I saw her board a bus about five minutes ago, and she was simply laden with parcels."

"Yes, I know," agreed the patient husband, "I saw her myself. I'm giving her a good start."

One from America:

THE playboy sat in his apartment. A very pretty redhead was on the sofa beside him. "Are you sure you really love me?" she asked coyly.

The playboy clasped his hands.

"Ah, my dearest one," he cried, "you never have to ask me such a question as that. Of course I love you. What is more, I will always love you."

They kissed passionately. And suddenly there was a knock on the door. The playboy sprang to his feet.

"Oh, my goodness!" he quavered. "I completely forgot that my wife is coming home from the country tonight."

The redhead's face turned the colour of her hair.

"Your wife!" she shrieked. "How dare you do this to me? Why didn't you tell me you were married?"

The playboy shrugged.

"I'm no elephant," he retorted. "How do you expect me to remember something that happened more than twenty years ago?"



"He wants to play some ridiculous game called 'Cowboys and Indians'"

THE wealthy lady turned the coat over in her beautifully manicured hands.

"And you say," she inquired, "that this is a genuine squirrel fur?"

The salesman nodded emphatically.

"Absolutely," he asserted. "Why yesterday a lady came in and tried this coat on. She took it outside to get a better look at it. Just then another lady passed by wearing a leopard skin coat. And—would you believe it, madam? this squirrel coat ran right up a tree!"

"PAT, darlin'," sobbed Bridget, when her loved one met her in London. "Oi had a wonderful reference Mrs. Murphy gave me to get work with, but Oi've lost it somewhere. Oh, Pat, whatever will I do?"

"Ah, now, Biddy, never mind," said Pat. "Sure, I'll write ye one meself. How will this do? 'This is to certify that Bridget Flanagan had a good character when she left Oireland, but lost it on board the boat comin' across.'"

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

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"I must say, I quite enjoy these route marches"

THE old sailor had retired from the sea. Each morning a grubby youngster knocked at his door, went in and came out again. After this had gone on for some weeks the curiosity of the villagers was aroused.

"Tell me," said one to the youngster, "why do you visit that old sailor every morning?"

"Well, sir, he gives me sixpence if I say to him, 'The captain wants you immediately.'"

"And what does he say to that?"

"He says, 'Tell the captain to go to blazes.'"



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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION By M. E. Brooke



There are new colourings and perfect lines in Simpson's (Piccadilly) "Daks." What is now called the "odd" coat, above, is a Norfolk jacket worn with "Daks." It looks equally well with a skirt, though perhaps this is not quite so practical for those on duty. When this suit is carried out in herringbone light-weight Donegal the price is seven guineas. Among the short coats is the model on the right above



"Spring Schemes" is a new folder that has been prepared by Simpsons. It shows how easy it is to vary an outfit with the aid of accessories, and will be sent on application. These details include blouses, shoes, coats, bags and handkerchiefs; touches of colour are so helpful



Admirably tailored and delightfully simple is the two-piece on the right, the working of the checks being by no means the least of its attractions. It may be seen in the ready-to-wear department (second floor) at Jay's, Regent Street. It consists of a dress and coat in brown and grey check suiting. The former is finished with a neat belt and short sleeves, while the pockets of the latter are arranged in a decidedly becoming manner

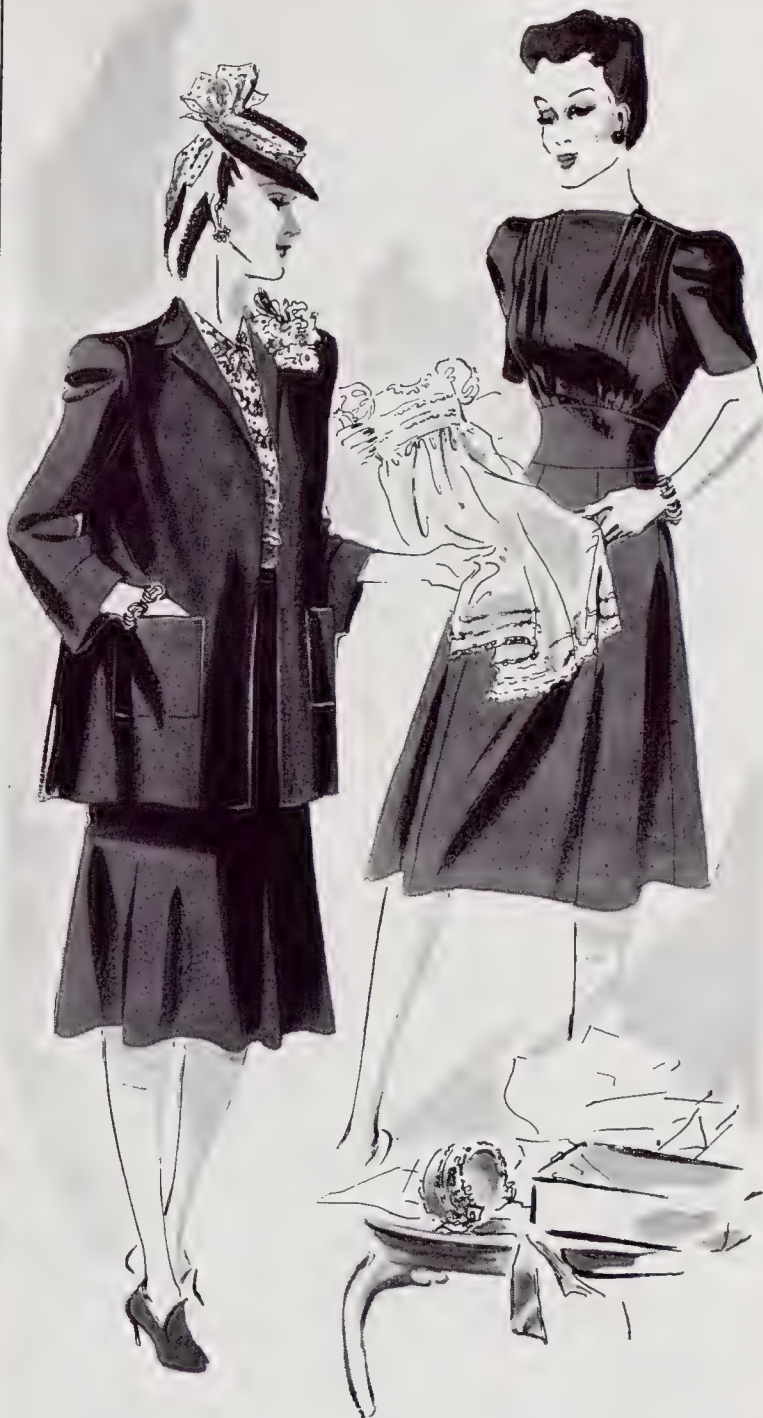


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The two piece
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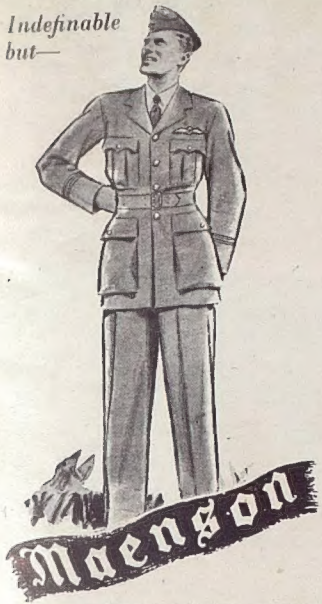
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